

DAILY PRESS

**Special Launching Edition
Newport News, Virginia
Thursday, March 24, 1898**

BATTLESHIPS AFLOAT

Kearsarge and Kentucky Successfully Launched This Morning

IMMENSE CROWD PRESENT

**Distinguished Visitors from Washington, Louisville, Lexington
Frankfort Richmond and Other Places**

The first-class battleships Kearsarge and Kentucky were successfully launched this morning at the yard of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company in the presence of a throng of enthusiastic spectators.

The Kearsarge, named after the famous sloop of that name, which distinguished herself in the civil war by sinking the Alabama off Cherbourg, France, was launched first, in accordance with the plan formulated some weeks ago by the officials of the company. Mrs. Herbert Winslow, wife of Lieutenant Commander Winslow, U.S.N., christened the Kearsarge, which glided down the ways and out upon the river as naturally and buoyantly as a young duck takes to water,

When the Kearsarge had been safely moored alongside of one of the tower shipyard piers the distinguished guests of the company and the thousands of spectators turned their attention to the Kentucky, on the other side of the big crane.

As soon as the necessary arrangements could be made the Kentucky started on her ways, and Miss Christine Bradley, daughter of Governor William O. Bradley, of Kentucky, broke a bottle of pure spring water against the ships prow, christening the vessel in the customary manner.

This launch, too, was a grand success in every way, and, like her sister ship, the Kentucky rode the waves in a manner which reflected credit on her builders.

THE CROWDS ARRIVE

Never before in its brief history as a corporation has Newport News welcomed such a throng of visitors as today. The people commenced to arrive last night by the hundreds, and the hotels and boarding houses were crowded. Today the railroad, electric road and steamers brought the bulk of the crowd at an early hour.

The Norfolk and Washington steamers arrived here about 8:30 o'clock, bring a number of navy department officials, officers and Senators and Representatives, accompanied by their wives. The Chesapeake & Ohio railroad ran special excursions to the city from Cincinnati, Richmond and Washington and they brought several thousand visitors.

The Newport News, Hampton & Old Point Electric Railway Company put on every available car and from an early hour they have been arriving every few minutes loaded with passengers. Many of these visitors came from Hampton, and others came from Old Point.

As early as 8:00 o'clock, crowds of anticipating men, women and children commenced to wend their way to the shipyard in hope of securing desirable points of vantage. Throughout the entire morning, Washington avenue has been literally crowded with a moving mass of humanity, all having the same destination in view.

While the office was open to some visitors, the bulk of the immense crowd gained entrance to the shipyard through the southern gate. Once inside, the anxious spectators moved to the ways on which the battleships easily rested, awaiting the hour of their baptism in the waters of the historic James river. These ways are situated in the north end of the yard, practically the same place where La Grande Duchesse, the Creole and other handsome products of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company were built and launched. Not far distant from the ways on which these two big ships proudly courted christening at the hands of their fair sponsors lies the battleship Illinois, now nearly ready for launching, and destined to be the queen of the American navy.

While awaiting the arrival of the christening party and listening to the music of the hammer, as the trusted employees of the yard busied themselves making preparations for the greatest launching event in the history of the world, the thousands of eager spectators cast admiring glances up at the big hulls freshly painted and gaily decorated with bunting and the flags of the nation. Sister ships though they were, there were many in the large concourse of people who ventured to make comparisons as to the lines and symmetry of the Kearsarge and Kentucky. The Illinois came in for a large share of admiration, and there were animated discussions as to the fighting powers of each of the three ships which, naval experts say, will place the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company at the head of the list of the world's battleship builders.

CHRISTENING PARTY COMES

At a moment when men, women and children of the city of Newport News, the State of Virginia, and the great American nation were intent only on the gay, brilliant scene before them, cheers from the vicinity of the company's officers heralded the approach of the christening party. Immediately all eyes turned were turned in the direction and people clamored for favorable positions from which they could catch glimpses of the ladies on whom had been conferred the christening honors, the distinguished gentlemen who have figured so conspicuously of late in diplomatic affairs in Washington, and the officials of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, who plainly showed the pride which filled their hearts at the unprecedented naval success shortly to take rank among their many well deserved laurels.

The party proceeded to one of the booths which had been erected at the bows of the two steel hulls, and which had been tastefully beautified with red, white and blue.

All vessels are constructed with their bows pointing inland so that they will strike the water stern first when released from their moldings and float out upon the river with buoyancy and a greater degree of safety, hence the reason for constructing the launching booths at the prows of the Kentucky and Kearsarge.

The Kearsarge having been selected to leave the ways first, the christening party proceeded to the booth at the head of No. 18, as this ship has been known at the yard. The ladies and gentlemen ascended the steps leading to the platform and awaited the word from the skilled ship launchers engaged in preparing the ways.

THE CRITICAL MOMENT

This is the critical moment in a launching. Only those who have actually witnessed similar events can conceive the import of the task and the intensity of the suspense. If the vessel has condition, she may lose her balance on the sliding ways, careen, bury her hatches and sink. The constructor in charge must foresee the danger and make sure that his calculations are correct.

Up to this time, the ship rested entirely on keel blocks on which she was built and has been held in an upright position by the shores along her sides. Then followed by the simple process of transferring her weight from those keel blocks to the ways that were to carry the ship to the water. Long wedges of white-oak were placed between the two ways throughout their entire length and at intervals of about every two feet.

WEDGES DRIVEN HOME

At the word of command from Superintendent of Construction M. V. Doughty, the wedges were driven home with sharp resonant sounds till the last wedge was securely placed and the big mass of steel was raised clear of the keel blocks. In order to insure perfect success, this work was done simultaneously along the entire length of the ship. The next step was to remove the blocks, whereupon the shores tumbled to the ground and daubs of red paint were smeared upon the surface of the metal thus bared.

The sounds of the hammers slowly commenced to die away in the distance and every one's heart throbbed with expectation. The time for the 4,500 tons of shapely constructed steel plate to leave the ways was drawing near, and every eye that could be was trained in steady glance on the bow of the ship, at which the guests of the occasion were patiently awaiting the supreme moment.

"PASSED THE BOTTLE"

The distinguished personages on the platform were gaily chatting the minutes away, while Mrs. Winslow was striving to suppress the pulse of expectation. Grouped around her, the statesmen were "passing the bottle" literally speaking - the traditional bottle of champagne, encased in a dainty net of gold and tri-colored silk with red, white and blue ribbons flowing from its neck, at the end of along silk cord, which extended down from the lofty deck of the battleship.

Suddenly from the depths below came the sound of the measured movement of a saw. Instantly, every voice was hushed as if by magic command and every ear was strained to catch the progress of the big steel blade as it pierced the sole pieces. All the preparations had been successfully completed to the satisfaction of the contractor in charge, and the signal had been given to sever the large heavy oak planks which were the only bindings left between the siding and the ground ways.

While it only consumed a short time to accomplish this work, every second seemed in reality a minute.

MRS. WINSLOW READY

As the bottle of champagne was surrendered to the daintily gloved right hand of Mrs. Winslow, the silence was so evident that the fall of a pin on the platform could have been heard by those in the vicinity.

Mrs. Winslow pressed against the rail and gracefully poised the bottle in the air, impatiently awaiting the cracking noise which would announce the severing of the restraining planks.

"Buz, buz, buz, buz, buz, buz"

As regularly as clock work, the toothed instrument cut its way.

Suddenly, there was a snap, the crackling of timber and the big hull quivered for an instant on its bed.

THE KEARSARGE CHRISTENED

Mrs. Winslow gathered strength, clutched the bottle more firmly, and as the ship started down the greased ways she quickly broke the bottle against the receding bow.

Simultaneously with her blow against the impressionless steel prow, the sponsor drew a breath of gratification, parted her lips, and, with feminine sweetness, exclaimed: "I christen thee - Kearsarge!"

The crackle of broken glass and the odor of spilled champagne came almost simultaneously to the eager guests on the platform. The bottle was broken squarely on the great defenders ponderous prow, and as the foam and sparkle of the choicest vintage of France raced down its sides, the Kearsarge, radiant in red, white and blue, swept down to meet the blue waters of the James and in their embrace complete the symbol of the starry flag.

DOWN THE GREASED WAYS

Slowly at first the ship glided down the greased ways, and rapidly gathering momentum in its decent struck the water with a rush of at least twelve knots an hour, buried her stern well above the water line, rose aft, dipped gracefully her bowing stem, and was off upon the water between the flanking rows of steamboats, tugs and pleasure craft, noisy with their shrieking whistles and cheering passengers.

The distinguished party on the platform proudly watched the course of the Kearsarge as she sped away from her fair sponsor. The crowds around the ways gave vent to mighty cheers again and again and many persons surged to the river shore to watch the course of the beautiful specimen of naval architecture as she glided with the buoyancy of a duck out upon the waters on which the three crack gunboats of Uncle Sam's navy preceded her many months before.

RESCUED BY TUGS

The Kearsarge was taken in tow by several local tugs and proudly escorted to the pier at the southern extremity of the shipyard. As she slowly passed down stream, thousands of eyes admired her graceful lines, and thousands of voices commented on the perfect manner in which

she rode the waves.

"A magnificent ship," were the words that were on everybody's lips, and glances of admiration followed the second Kearsarge until ready hands tied her to the pier.

As soon as the immense crowd emerged from its happy trance, a general rush was made towards the ways on which No. 19, the Kentucky, was apparently patiently awaiting the hour when she would follow her sister ship into the James.

NOW FOR THE KENTUCKY

"One success leads to another," is an old proverbial saying, and it is safe to mention, after witnessing the beautiful launch of No. 18, there was not one in that immense throng who doubted the success of the second event.

The ladies and gentlemen of the christening parties were next to be escorted from the booth at the head of the vacant ways to that of the prow of the Kentucky. The announcement several weeks ago that Miss Bradley, daughter of the Governor of the Old Bourbon State, had expressed her intension of christening the Kentucky with pure spring water served to create additional interest in the ceremony shortly to take place on the booth of No. 19.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER

As Miss Bradley, accompanied by a distinguished coterie of Kentuckians and other guests, passed down the steps to the ground, across to the other ship and up the steps of the booth, she was the cynosure of all eyes. Here was a pretty Kentucky girl who dared to sacrifice all custom sacred to American launchings, by choosing to beak a bottle of plain water in preference to sparkling champagne. As she ascended the stand of honor, Miss Bradley must have known that she was the object of no little interest, owing to her regard for the wishes of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of America and she gave no evidence of any concern for the matter, assuming her position in the booth with a youthful grace and charm of manner pleasing to observe.

MORE PREPARATIONS

The Kearsarge had barely touched the water when the force of laborers who had a few minutes previous been busily at work under her hull, quickly rushed to No. 19 and joined the men who had already commenced to prepare the Kentucky for her launching. The attempt to launch two battleships in the same hour was attended by no small amount of risk. While the laborers were working on the first ship, others had to start on the second in order that there should be no tiresome delay. In the exciting rush that followed the slightest accident might have resulted in the release of the Kentucky before the necessary preliminaries of her launch had been completed. Every precaution was taken, however, and as soon as the Kearsarge kissed the James everything was in readiness to go ahead with the work of raising the big hull of her sister ship from the ground ways to her sliding cradle.

Lined up on each side of the Kentucky, the workmen commenced to drive the wedges which were to do the better part of the work. In rapid succession, the weighty sledges struck the wedges, while the impatient throng indulged in comments on the strange spectacle of seeing water instead of champagne trickle down the bow of an unfinished ship.

A STRANGE CUSTOM

As in the case of the first event, the ship and the sponsor were the central figures of this allegory of peace and war under a sunlit sky. It must be admitted, however, that in the second instance the gaze of the multitude centered not so much on the sister ship of the Kearsarge, as to the young lady who had taken it upon herself to make history - launching history, in that she was shortly to mother a custom that was entirely unknown to the world and held up to ridicule when first suggested by the ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Kentucky being the first battleship to be christened with water.

The idea originated with the Kentucky branch of the far-reaching organization, and was ratified by the national union in convention at Buffalo, and today this handsome young lady, the daughter of the Governor, was to carry to consummation an idea which has set every jack tar in the United States navy against the powerful ship which bears the name of a great state.

CAUSE FOR SUSPICION

To have a ship christened by a married lady was disappointing to the American sailor, but to have a ship christened with water was too much to suppress apprehensive superstition.

These and many others were the thoughts uppermost in the minds of the thousands of spectators as they were gathered about the ways waiting cessation of work on the frame and the buzzing sound of the ill-impatient saw.

Finally, the force of the blows grew weaker, the blows grew fewer and a unanimous feeling of anticipation settled over the vast multitude as it reached for rods away from the ways. The big saw was placed against the sole pieces which held the ship on her frame, and two trusted workmen looked up for the signal to start.

THE CUT GLASS BOTTLE

Miss Bradley took the cut glass bottle, mounted in silver and costing much more than a silk-netted bottle of champagne.

Again - buz, buz, buz, buz, buz, buz.

More buzzes and the crowd knew that the old steel blade was piercing the stout oak planks, and the Kentucky would start almost any second. This state of expectancy caused the closest attention everywhere, and the same painful silence which characterized the first launch prevailed this time.

PICTURE OF MAIDENLY PRIDE

Miss Bradley presented a picture of maidenly pride and beauty as she leaned against the rail in full view of the masses below, holding aloft the bottle of Kentucky spring water, awaiting the starting of the towering mass of steel. Her features were visibly flushed from suppressed excitement, but she was not nervous and as the movement of the saw indicated that the time was near, she firmly grasped the cut-glass bottle in her small hand and waited.

There was only another instant of suspense, however, as the weakened timbers commenced to crack under the severe strain of the ship's burden, and the long expected snap sharply followed.

THE KENTUCKY NAMED

Only another instant before the big hull started down the bed in which it had reposed since June 1896, and Miss Bradley gracefully cast the silver-mounted, cut-glass bottle against the slowly receding prow on the chalk mark which indicated the most desirable spot for the function.

Smash went the thick glass, making a louder report than the thin champagne bottle in the hands of Mrs. Winslow.

Then followed in harmonious, girlish tones:

"I christen thee - Kentucky"

Only those in the near vicinity of the booth heard the expression, but those far around saw the pretty young lady's lips part, and knew that the christening words had been pronounced.

ONLY PLAIN WATER

The gaze of the guests and masses were directed to the spot on which the glass had been broken, but a spectacle far different from the first greeted their vision. There was no sparkling froth trickling down the cold steel prow - nothing but a colorless fluid which left behind nothing but a "fresh-washed" path as it traveled its downward course.

The next minute the crowd forgot the strangeness of the spectacle and turned its attention to the moving battleship. Down the tallow toboggan on its huge support, the Kentucky sped with unwavering grace. The stern touched the water, causing a splash and subsequent disturbance, and then the second addition within an hour to Uncle Sam's floating force entered the river with gentle swiftness.

AMERICAN EAGLE SCREAMED

For the second time that day, the multitude of Americans and foreigners shouted their hearty God-speed to a superb defender, the steam whistles in the yard and on the river respectively blew their shrill farewell and reception and the American eagle screamed in a way that made the battleship Illinois, fifty percent complete, fairly shake with excitement, and long for the day on which it would be baptized in the historic James with the compliments and congratulations of the American people.

Another perfect launch to the credit of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company.

LIGHTLY RODE THE WAVES

The mammoth steel shell rode the waves like a paper boat, and lazily and lightly floated out to the channel. The comparatively tiny tugs swarmed around the new comer. The staunch little crafts made fast to the ships sides when she came to a full stop and slowly commenced to tow her to another shipyard pier, close by that to which her sister ship was tied up.

As the great concourse of people stood entranced with admiration, it was plainly to be seen that they were dwelling chiefly on the marvellous success with which the shipbuilding company had constructed two ships that differed not in the slightest particular, and that favored each other to the smallest detail.

WELL DESERVED SUCCESS

The Kentucky was safely tied to her moorings, and the masses then realized that the two great events of the day were over. Well deserved success crowned the latest achievements of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company. Everybody is happy and satisfied, but from the relieved hearts of the builders and constructors who have carried the heaviest burden, there is a thankfulness no words can multiply. Months of patient work have been brought to a happy stage, and the dreaded peril, always near, has been averted without the slightest hint of its presence.

THE CROWDS DISPERSE

When the Kentucky's lines were made fast to the pier and there was a general movement of craft down the river, the ladies and gentlemen who accompanied the launching parties left the stand, entered carriages, and were driven slowly through the surging masses of humanity in the direction of the shipyard office. This was necessarily slowly accomplished, as the crowd of spectators moved in the same direction, and packed all avenues to the street.

THEY SAW THE SIGHTS

Hundreds of persons, residents of Newport News as well as strangers, lingered in the yard to obtain glimpses of the many large buildings which constitute the mammoth plant of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company - the largest concern of its kind anywhere in American waters. The large dry dock was an object of interest to many, the immense travelling cranes attracted considerable attention and other wonderful appliances and structures about the yard came in for their share of public wonder.

DESCRIPTION OF SHIPS

The dual event of two ships of such magnitude being launched on the same day marks an era in the history of our new navy, while each ship in itself is the heaviest mass of its kind ever moved from keel blocks to water in this country.

The equivalent of a couple of blocks of good-sized houses is a tremendous mass to transfer under any circumstances, but to do so without the slightest strain to the structure is something calling for skill and careful forethought, and yet this is the sum of only one of these unfinished ships.

The ships were provided for by act of Congress approved March 2, 1895, and on the 2d of the following January the contract for their construction was awarded to the Newport News Company for the remarkably reasonable price of only \$2,250,000, and that, too, without the usual inducement of a bonus for excess of speed. That the vessels will be equal to all the requirements goes without question, while at the same time their moderate cost has opened the country's eyes to the charges put on their predecessors.

The Kearsarge and the Kentucky are navigable fortresses of a formidable type, and in action would render a good account of themselves in behalf of Old Glory. The dimensions of one apply equally to the other, and the general data are:

Length on load water line.....	368 feet.
Beam, extreme.....	72 feet 5 in.
Draft, on normal displacement.....	23 feet 6 in.
Normal displacement.....	11,525 tons.
Maximum displacement, all ammunition and stores on board....	12,325 tons.
Maximum indicated horsepower (estimated).....	10,000.
Maximum speed required by contract.....	16 knots.
Normal coal supply.....	410 tons.
Maximum coal supply, bunkers full.....	1,210 tons.
Complement - Officers, seamen and marines.....	511.

The strictly novel characteristic of these ships is their exceedingly moderate draft of water, but 25 feet when full laden, by which they may enter practically any harbor of importance along our coast lines, something denied to most of the armored cruisers of all other nations. The offensive advantage possessed in this single feature cannot be overvalued.

The power to meet any enemy will be centered effectively in the twenty-two guns forming the main and auxilliary batteries, and these will consist of: Main battery, 4 13-inch breech-loading rifles and 4 8-inch breech-loading rifles: auxilliary battery, 14 5-inch rapid-fire rifles.

For the purpose of resisting torpedo boat attack and enfilading the open decks or unprotected gun stations of an enemy, 20 six-pounders, 6 one-pounders and four Gattlings will keep up a destructive fire, and woe to the venture-some small craft that exposes itself to the fury of that steel-clad blast. Four torpedo tubes, two on each side amidship, will complete the offensive phase of the ships.

The thirteen-inch and eight-inch guns are housed in two two-story turrets. The eight-inch guns are in the upper half, which is fixed rigidly to the lower half. The whole structure has a total swing of 270 degrees, and all four guns are pointed in the same general direction and swung from side to side by the one great turning gear engaging the lower half. The design has been perilously questions here and abroad and there is a prevailing opinion ...

The eight-inch guns are sheltered behind walls generally nine inches thick, but augmented to eleven inches on the front. The thirteen-inch guns are covered by fifteen inches of hardened steel also, except at the front, where there is an added thickness of two inches. To pierce the walls of the lower turret a shot would have to strike them from a distance of 1,500 yards with all the pent-up energy equal to bearing that shot quite thirteen miles.

The auxilliary battery of 14 five-inch rapid fire guns is mounted in the super-structure of the main deck. This super-structure, when it faces an enemy, is composed of hardened steel six inches thick, and no explosive six-inch shell could ever get through that bulwark. Each gun station is separated from the adjoining gun by a two-inch wall of steel that the effect of penetrating shot and bursting shell may be localized. Each of these guns has a service rate of speed of quite six aimed shots a minute, and as each shot weighs 50 pounds a little arithmetic tells the story.

The six-pounders are mounted in part of the berth deck forward and aft. The rest of them are placed in the super-structure above the five-inch guns, where they have a very desirable range of fire. The one-pounders and the Gattlings are placed on the bridges and up in the military tops.

To feed all these guns each ship will carry 500 tons of ammunition - enough to welcome an enemy with exceeding warmth.

The water line region of the sides will be protected from attack by a broad band of 16 1-2 inch armor, running along the sides amidship for a distance of 174 feet, and tapers thence to four inches at the stern. This belt is 7 1-2 feet wide and under normal conditions only 3 1-2 will be above the water line. At the extremities of the thickest part athwartship bulkheads turn inboard and end against the barbettes or heavy tubes of fifteen-inch steel, which rise from the protective deck and shield the ammunition hoists and the turning gears of the turrets. The forward bulkhead is 10 inches thick, the after one 12. A protective deck of hardened steel 2 3-4 inches thick rests on the four walls formed by the athwartship bulkheads and the inner edge of the inlaid side armor. Under the protecting shelter of this heavy roof and many feet of coal lie the engines, the boilers and the magazines and the shell rooms - the "vitals", in fact, of the ship. A broad band of cellulose, extending from stem to stern, and back of the five-inch armor which protects the sides amidships from the heavy armor belt up to the main deck, will automatically plug shot holes admitting water.

The protective deck, covering the vitals, is run slantingly to the bow and the stern, and forward forms the backbone of the murderous ram which lies just below the water.

Two sets of triple-expansion engines, each in its own water-tight compartments, will actuate the twin screws, while five great boilers, teeming with the pressure of 180 pounds of steam, will supply the energy needful to drive those engines and turn those screws quite 120 times a minute.

The turrets will be turned and controlled by electricity - the first instance on so large a scale on a vessel, and the same power will bring the ammunition from its store-rooms to the breeches of all the large guns - the six-pounders and less excepted.

Each mast will be fitted with its own signal outfit, and the lower half of each mast will form a vast wind pipe, down which fresh air will be drawn to the depths of the craft.

Eighty odd auxilliary engines will reduce the tax upon the muscular energies of the crew and add to the efficiency of the ship by handling and lowering of boats, raising the anchors, loading the coal, discharging the ashes, bringing the shot, shell and powder from the depths below to the guns stations and turning the turrets, and, except for the guidance of these mechanisms, manual labor is practically needless.

Compared with any of our old wooden ships of the line the contrast is instructive. Steam will spread its comforting glow for all alike, where the occasional small stove or hot cannon ball did service in the past, and immense revolving fans will force fresh air into the most secret recesses of these ships and make every nook and cranny purer than the actual living spaces of our ancient craft, whose between deck quarters were so often foul with the noxious fumes of the bilge water and rotten wood, while the refulgence of hundreds of electric lights will shed brightness everywhere and substitute the tallow dip so grudgingly bestowed of yore. Distillers, with a daily output of thousands of gallons, will give fresh, pure water where once the rusty tank yielded a tainted ... portion. Splendid galleys will cook in liberal bounty the warm bread and wholesome food for the modern crew; and a refrigerating plant, with a daily cooling equivalent of a ton of ice, will preserve afresh the provender, and instead of the salt horse and hard-rock of tradition, the sailor of today can have his soft bread and shore grin when days and days at sea.

Today the steam launches do most of the work that once fell upon the boat's crews; and where miles upon miles of rope ran aloft to hold the masts and manage the sails, thousands upon thousands of feet of steam and water pipes, stored within the hull, do a like transfer of power many time greater; and great guzzling pumps, with a drawing greed of hundreds upon hundreds of gallons a minute, keep the compartments and the divisions of the inner bottom free of water - a weary wearing service that once fell to the crew.

The modern ship is one great maze of mechanism, which the mere pressure of a tiny button may stop or start; and from the guiding power in the armored fighting station to the nerve terminals at the guns, by the engines, or in the magazines, a moment's delayed response may make or mar the glory of the flag she bears. With 1,210 tons of coal on board, and at a cruising speed of 10 knots an hour, the vessels will be able to cover 6,000 knots, while at the rate of 13 knots an hour they can easily cover 3,500. Under a press 500 more tons of coal can be carried, yielding a corresponding wider range of action.

The Kearsarge was christened by Mrs. Winslow, the wife of Lieutenant Commander Winslow, the son of the officer commanding the old Kearsarge in memorable fight.

MRS. HERBERT WINSLOW

Mrs. Herbert Winslow, who christened the battleship Kearsarge, is a lady of high social standing and comes of Virginia parentage on her father's side. She is the wife of Lieutenant Commander Herbert Winslow, United States Navy, the only surviving son of Admiral Winslow, who commanded the old Kearsarge when she met and sank the Alabama, June 19, 1864, off Cherbourg, France.

Miss Elizabeth Maynard was born in Washington, the daughter of Lafayette and Mary who were married in San Francisco, her father's home at the time. Her father was born in Richmond. He entered the navy at an early age, resigning after several years' service to take a command in the Mexican war, in which he fought with distinction. In the famous wreck of the Atlantic he conducted himself with bravery and saved many lives, for which act of gallantry the citizens of Richmond presented him with a sword.

Lieutenant Maynard married the beautiful Miss Mary Ellen Green, the daughter of Gen. Duff Green. Lieutenant and Mrs. Maynard resided in Washington for some time and then changed their residence to San Francisco. It was in the western metropolis that their beautiful and accomplished daughter, Elizabeth, became the wife of Lieutenant Commander Herbert Winslow.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Winslow later went to China, where the former was attached to the United States steamship Yorktown, on the Asiatic station. They have only recently returned from the Orient and now reside in Boston.

Mrs. Winslow created not a little interest some weeks ago by positively declining to christen the battleship Kearsarge with water.

Flattered by the success of their appeal to Miss Bradley to use water at the launching of the Kentucky, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Virginia and Kentucky requested Mrs. Winslow to discard the champagne custom and substitute pure water. In a letter to Mrs. R. H. Jones, of Norfolk, president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of this state Mrs. Winslow stated that she personally would be willing to follow Miss Bradley's example, but that her husband preferred that she use champagne and in deference to his wishes she would respect the time-honored custom.

MISS CHRISTINE BRADLEY

Miss Christine Bradley is the only daughter of Governor William O'Connell Bradley, of Kentucky. She was born December 20, 1879, in Lancaster, KY., the county seat of Garrard county. She attended the local schools in her native town; Hamilton Female College in Lexington; the Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, and is now a student in Washington College, Washington, D.C. Her mother, one of the handsomest matrons in Kentucky, was Miss Margaret R. Duncan. On both sides of her family she is related to distinguished soldiers, statesmen and jurists. Her grand father, Robert M. Bradley, was the greatest land lawyer Kentucky ever produced, and was remarkable as an orator and humorist. His grandfather, Isaac Bradley, was a soldier in the Revolution and his brother Isaac, fell at Monterey, Mexico. Miss Bradley's mother is the grand daughter of Samuel McKee, member of Congress, the great niece of ... George Robertson, and Governor Robert P. Letcher. Col. W. R. McKee, who fell at Buena Vista, was her uncle, and Lieutenant Hugh McKee, of the U. S. Navy, who fell at Corea, Lieut. Buford, U.S.N., Lieut. John Talbott, U.S.N., Major George McKee, U.S.A., and Lieut. Col. Sam McKee, of the Third Kentucky Infantry, who was killed at Stone River were her cousins.

Miss Bradley is an accomplished musician, has a well developed taste for literature, and is a young woman of rare good common sense. When the complication arose over the christening of the ship Kentucky by reason of the claims made by Miss Richardson, who insisted that Ex-Secretary Herbert had appointed her to christen the vessel, Miss Bradley wrote to her father saying that if he appointed her she would not act. The Governor then turned the matter of selecting a sponsor over to Secretary Long, who immediately appointed Miss Bradley. Under these circumstances the sensitive young Kentuckian felt free to accept the honor, and so notified the Secretary in a pretty letter.

QUALITY VERSUS QUANTITY

There are larger battleships afloat on the ocean than the twin sisters Kearsarge and Kentucky; there are even larger armored cruisers in the British navy, such as the splendid cruisers Powerful and Terrible, yet it is doubtful whether any prudent naval commander, even leaving out of his calculations that great factor represented by the superb fighting qualities of the American sailor, would care to venture a hostile meeting with one of these steel bulldogs of the sea; for the new American battleships embody in their design and construction the highest developments up to this date in offensive and defensive warfare as the great game of naval strife would be played on the

coast line of the United States. Into their broad hulls are packed all the engine power, the armor and the ordinance that the highest scientific ability is able to concentrate in a floating structure that is able to seek a base of operations, a supply of fuel and ammunition, and on opportunity to heal wounds received in battle. Larger ships, those of deeper draft, necessarily, may not enter or attack our ports at fighting range, and this consideration was always kept in mind by Chief Constructor Hichborn, when the Kearsarge and Kentucky were planned. That is the explanation of the fact - a new one in naval design - that these ships, with only a displacement of 11,525 tons, draw only 23 feet of water, less than the armored cruisers New York and Brooklyn, which would not combined be equal in combat to one of these battleships. Light draft on heavy displacement is only one of the many valuable qualities of these battleships, though by no means the least. Save the Indiana class, they carry the heaviest batteries in accord with modern naval practice and with primary batteries fully equal to that class, they mount secondary guns, in such fashion as to make the combination almost unequaled in naval architecture. The big rifle, four in number, are mounted in two turrets, one sweeping the entire sea from directly ahead, fully half way astern, the other with equal range, placed so as to command the sea from either bow straight astern. These are of 13-inch calibre, yet the British navy confines its guns to 12-inch. In inches the difference seems small, yet the American gun has about 25 per cent more power.

At this point in the armament of the ships the American designers have embarked in a bold and enterprising experiment, the result of which will be awaited with interest by the whole maritime world. Instead of descending at one move from the heavy primary battery to the small calibre rapid fire guns, as is done in the case of the cruisers, it has become the custom of naval architects to interpose a battery of medium calibre guns, six or eight inch guns, for instance, and these are placed in smaller independent turrets about the ship. It occurred to the American designers that if they could dispense with the weighty and space consuming machinery attached to these turrets, such as the turning engines and machinery, independent ammunition hoists shields and the like, that much more engine power could be placed in the hull of the ship and that much more armor could be carried. They solved the problem by rigidly attaching the smaller turrets, each containing two 8-inch rifles, to the top of the big 13-inch turrets. The plan had another advantage than weight saving. Theoretically, it tended to a terrible concentration of the fire of the ship. Probably the craft does not float that would survive the awful impact from the four guns of one of these combined turrets upon one small section of its hull and because they are trained in unison their projectiles must strike close together.

With this saving in weight the designers were able to give splendid armor protection for the ships. All of this armor is of Harveyized nickel steel, of American invention, and the best in the world up to this date, as is shown by the many European efforts to equal it by other processes of manufacture. Moreover, it is skillfully disposed, so as to make every ounce of steel count for the protection of the crew. The big turrets are seventeen inches thick in front diminishing in thickness to fifteen inches in the rear, where they are less liable to be struck, because in action the guns are supposed to be always turned toward the enemy. The smaller turrets above, for a like reason, vary in thickness from eleven to nine inches. To make sure no stray shot strikes the ammunition hoists leading from the magazines to the turrets, the former are enclosed in tubes of hardened steel fifteen inches in thickness. Mounted in this fashion, the guns are almost invulnerable from the 8-inch rifles mounted high in air with good range and capable of piercing the walls of most armored ships at fighting quarters, to the big 13-inch guns that can project their armor piercing shot 1 dozen miles across the sea.

The combination battery is supplemented by a numerous auxilliary battery of smaller guns perched on every convenient point of the super-structure. All are rapid-fire or machine guns, for the Navy Department has profited by the lessons taught in the China-Japanese war of the terrible power of guns of this type. About four motions suffice to load, discharge and reload one of these guns and in rapidity of fire they are equal to three of the ordinary navy breech-loading guns. The largest are five-inch calibre, fourteen in all sheltered behind six inch steel walls and separated from another by two inch steel walls to minimize the effects of an exploding shell in any compartment. Then there are six pounders, one pounders and Gattlings, mainly for the warm reception of hostile torpedo boats or to clear a deck or an open port hole or earth work. To facilitate this some of the machine guns are placed high in the military tops where they can rain bullets down below. To protect the hull which carries all this offensive power, 16 1-2 inches of armor is placed along the sides, dipping four feet below the water line, and numerous heavy bulkheads are disposed to prevent any shot that may enter from transversing. The engines, the vitals of the ship are covered by the arched steel deck, two and three-quarters inches thick, placed on an angle calculated to deflect and throw upward any projectile.

Under the deck lies 10,000 horsepower of boilers, engines and other machinery capable of pushing the vast hull through the water at the rate of at least sixteen knots, a good speed for a freight train on land, and besides there are no less than eighty smaller engines to hoist anchors, pull up boats, drive dynamos and otherwise help the crew. The big turrets swing noiselessly and quickly by electricity, the largest application yet made of electric power in this way, and everywhere in the ship, from winches and ventilators to lighting and telephoning, the electric fluid plays a useful part.

The Kearsarge and the Kentucky are 368 feet in length, 72 feet 5 inches beam and 23 feet 6 inches draft. They carry normally 410 tons of coal but it may take 1,210 tons, and 511 officers, sailors and marines are required to navigate each of them.

THE KENTUCKY (Louisville Courier-Journal)

The battleship Kentucky, from her baptismal hour,
Shall ever prove a Victor while truth remains in power;
The grandest of her sisters, the staunchest of her types,
The glory of the ocean that floats the Stars and Stripes.

The land of Boone and Kenton and home of love and truth,
Where Bluegrass beauties flourish, and Age renews its Youth,
Sends greeting to our battleship, the bravest of the brave,
Triumphant in her launching, proud monarch of the wave.

We christen thee with water from Lincoln's purling spring,
Where flowers bloom in winter and mocking birds must sing;
Where sunshine ever lingers on hilltops, glad and glen,
Around the pleasant pathway of fair women and brave men.

Glide on in the mission, strike first in every fight!
Remember in deep trouble that Right is always might!
And when in bloody battle upon the ocean foam,
strike boldly for the Nation and "old Kentucky Home!"